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# CHOICE of a HUSBAND,

AN

## EPISTLE.

TO A

## YOUNG LADY.

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By N. WEEKES.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY in Pall-mall;  
And Sold by M. COOPER in Pater-noster-Row, 1754.

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And sold by W. COOPER in Fleet-street, 1754.

DEDICATION

TO A YOUNG LADY.

MADAM, I wish to shew off my young built  
To whom shou'd a favourite Performance fly for Protec-  
tion, but a Favourite? Your early Approbation of this  
Piece, was the Means of placing it in my Esteem more than  
I was aware; and, however imperfect the whole might be,  
yet, I never shall presume to dislike, what you approve. Cri-  
tics may rail, and Prejudice exclaim; but neither the Malice  
of the one, nor the Ill-nature of the other, shall awake my  
Regard; happy in your Applause alone. I seek no greater  
Honour from the Merit of this Epistle, than as it contri-  
butes to your Entertainment and Improvement; and what-  
ever Glory I shall attain, it will be in proportion to the De-  
ference

## DEDICATION.

ference you pay it. It was indeed your Desire, that I shou'd write something chiefly calculated for a Female Reader;--And as you are now in the Bloom of Eighteen, surrounded with Admirers, and in expectation of one Day changing your present State of Life, I thought I cou'd not fix on a more proper Subject than the Choice of a Husband. Serious as it is, and of the utmost Importance, yet 'tis as lightly consider'd by your Sex, as the Choice of a Wife by ours. The Disposition of our Natures, seems now to be more inclinable to Pleasure than to Happiness. If we can live in State, and shine in Magnificence, it is not very material how our Tempers agree, or where our Affections are plac'd; from hence it is, we have so few happy Couples. That Money is an Ingredient absolutely necessary to contribute to the Happiness of the Marriage State, is a Truth no reasonable Man can deny; yet I wou'd not advise any Person to sacrifice their Peace of Mind, purely for the Sake of being rich.

There are no Complaints more general, and at the same Time more grievous, than those arising from Matrimony; and it will always be so, while Interest is the principal Motive in uniting the Sexes. Few, very Few can be said to enjoy that Harmony, which was designed to be no where found so perfect, as in a married Life; and why the Institution shou'd be so much abus'd, as to be condemn'd by the Ignorant, and ridicul'd by the Vain, is pretty obvious from the Reasons I have above given. In short, the Age in which we now live, is so corrupted, and so lost to Shame, that Husbands can bear to be reproach'd with Inconstancy without Concern; and Wives with Vices equally unpardonable, without the least Marks

## DI D I C A T I O N.

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Marks of that rarest Treasure of their Cheeks, a Blush. Nay, they are so far from endeavouring to conceal their Crimes, that they even labour to expose them; convinc'd, their Fellow Sinners are too numerous to be degraded, or disconuenanc'd, by the Scorn or Censures of the virtuous Few.

There was a Debate, some few Days ago, in the superior House, to address his Majesty, that some Measures may be immediately devis'd on, to curb the present licentious Wickedness of the Age, and procure a speedy, and a general Reformation. A Design so laudable, cannot fail of meeting with a favourable Reception from the Throne; as the present glorious, and belov'd Possessor, has on all Occasions given us repeated Instances of his true Regard for the Peace and Welfare of his Subjects. But, alas! what will Laws avail, if the very Makers of them will, in despight of all their Power, violate them? 'Tis indeed in the Wisdom of the Legislature to enact such Laws, as may, in some degree, suppress the Immoralities of the Times, and punish the Offenders. But how far does the Power of those Laws usually extend? Too often but to those only, who have not the Power to elude it! How then is a general Reformation to be compleated? Mankind will not be forc'd into Virtue; and if they are, it cannot possibly be effected by any other Method, than EXAMPLE. 'Tis therefore that alone that must work a Reformation, if we wou'd hope one. And now is the Season this Goddess shou'd appear, exert all her Powers, and shame us into Virtue. When the Hearts of Men are degenerated, their Lives must be immoral; and those that are not susceptible of the Dictates of Humanity, cannot be reclaim'd by the Power of Precept. From hence we may be assur'd, that the wisest,

NOTE

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## DEDICATION.

wisest, and the best of Laws can never succeed in the above Design, unless Example first gives a Sanction. The most elaborate Lessons of Morality and Piety are but labour'd Tales of idle Oratory, if they are not enforc'd by Example: This is an uncontested Truth, and by daily Experience proved. If, therefore, there is not an Amendment of Life among the Great, the Vulgar (in despight of all Laws) will still continue as they are, dissolute.

To root out the prevailing Growth of Luxury from the Hearts of the People, is a Subject that starts various Debates, and there are some excellent Laws now in Force to effect it; but the Cause still seems to reign as violent as ever, and I am persuaded it will continue so, until every Member of both Houses are liable to pay the several Debts they shall contract with their Tradesmen. This, indeed, wou'd be laying the Ax to the Root; for, when they are by Law compell'd to an immediate Satisfaction of these Acts of Justice, they never will be guilty of such Extravagancies in Luxury, Vice, and Grandeur. Then, not only their own, but some thousand Families will be saved from Ruin. Then, may we hear of Prosperity and Peace, among all our Subjects; Our Jails will be freed from Prisoners, our Streets from Beggars. But at present, the most menial Servant of the Great, however unworthy, cannot be compell'd to satisfy a just Demand, if his Master will protect him. What is to be suggested by a People, jealous of their Liberties, from such an Abuse? An Abuse, that carries with it the daringest Air of despotic Views; an Abuse, that is a Scandal to all LIBERTY, HONOR, JUSTICE. From such Abuses, Britons! can you boast of Freedom? Mend them, ye GREAT! and save your Country from

## DEDICATION.

from the Shame. Many, and various are the Ills that arise from this Abuse; Hence, expensive Equipages, costly Furnitures, luxurious Feasts, and all the superfluous Necessaries of vain Ambition. From hence too we may likewise daily see, whatever Fashion or Folly, some Persons of distinguishing Rank (eminent for their Vices and their Vanity) shall be pleased to establish, however infamous or absurd, the same shall in a short time become universal; and whoever dares to be so singular as to dissent from the Mode, is immediately reproach'd for want of Taste, and incurs a general Contempt; so that he must either act against his better Judgment, or become the common Object of Ridicule. Strange! that the Degeneracy of Manners in Some, shou'd be a Sanction for All to err. But of this I shall say no more. I hope the Reader, and you my fair Patroness, will excuse this Intrusion on your Time and Patience, from this long Digression; But, my Zeal for the Good of my Country, and the Cause of Virtue, hurried me into these Reflections: And when they are in Distress, I have too much of the Spirit of the Briton, to be silent. Resolv'd, whatever Service I can at any time contribute to either, to exert it to the very utmost, in Defiance of their Foes; and (that formidable and powerful) oppose them even to Death.

But now Madam to return to you. As I have been hitherto silent to your Personal Perfections, and Natural Endowments, (a Proceeding entirely repugnant to Dedicators) you may perhaps imagine I have not done you Justice; but know, to a judicious Mind, when Language can but faintly celebrate true Worth, Silence is the greatest Praise. It is more my Desire to make you Prudent, than to make you vain; and

and contrary to the Wishes and Proceedings of my Sex, I wou'd furnish you with Arms not only to guard against our Arts, but to conquer them. Were I indeed to say what you really are, I shou'd be censur'd for what I really am not, a Flatterer. A Character, however fashionable and polite, I detest. The Vainest of your Sex must acknowledge the Excellence of your Charms; and what is very rare, you have so much Prudence and good Sense, as not to know you are a BEAUTY. The Reader cannot have a more just Idea of your Person, than what might be conceived from the following Lines; and as they cannot be more properly applied, I hope you will excuse the Freedom I have here taken in prefixing them.

— No Aspect rivalling the Pow'r —

Of fatal Helen, or the wanton Charms  
Of Love's soft Queen; but such, as far excels  
Whate'er the Lilly, blending with the Rose,  
Paints on the Check of Beauty —  
Such, as express a Mind, which Wisdom rules,  
And Sweetness tempers; Virtue's purest Light  
Illuminates the Countenance divine. — LEONIDAS.

Such are the Charms of your Person. As to those of your Mind, they are too sacred to be profaned in a Dedication; I shall therefore content myself, as I am not capable to celebrate them in Public, to adore them in Private. The Eagerness of Admirers to excel in their Encomiums, and their earnest Endeavours to entertain, are Baits too pleasing, and at the same time too powerful, to escape the Notice of

## DEDICATION. 9

of a young *Lady*; and tho' they are highly agreeable, yet they are oftentimes most pernicious, and insinuate much Danger. It is not sufficient that you shou'd always keep your dearest Favourite at a proper Distance, but you must suffer him to take no more Liberties than a Stranger; for shou'd you once indulge him, tho' in the smalleſt, be never will be ſatisfied till he arrives to the greatest; and what will be the Conſequence of ſuch Indiſcretion? What, but the Loſs of the nobleſt, and the moſt valuable Bleſſing of Female Glory, REPUTATION. But in ſpight of all my Preaching, and your boasted Resolutions, you can no more reſiſt our Liberties, than we can reſrain them. The Weakneſſ is naturally mu-tual; and while Love is a prevailing Paſſion in both Sexes, Philoſophy is vain. But my Dedication is wandering into the Style of a Sermon; and leſt I shou'd incur the Cenſure of a Preacher, I ſhall beg leave to quit the unfashionable Task, and with the greatest Devotion and Esteem, ſubſcribe myſelf,

Madam,

Your moſt affectionate,

and moſt obedient Servant,

NATH. WEEKES.

B

# DEDICATION

— *Juniperus*

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introduction from India

## И.Н.ТАИ

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No  
True  
Nor  
To me  
Some  
Or more

# CHOICE of a HUSBAND,

**THE**

## E P I S T L E.

**D**o you, fair Maid, for Marriage Rites intend?  
First hear the Counsel of a faithful Friend.

No Flattery, here shall stain one honest Line;  
Truth is my Guide, and shall distinguish'd shine:  
Nor blush to learn the Precepts I advise,  
To make you happy, and to make you wise.

Some may condemn, and some will sure approve,  
Or Marriage is a Farce devoid of Love.

Gift

B 2

To

To please your Sex, is all my Soul's Delight,  
To guard from Insult, and from Malice, right ;  
Fond to applaud, and earnest to defend :  
Your Patron, Lover, Advocate, and Friend.  
Sworn Foe to Prostitutes, tho' e'er so fair ;  
A modest Woman is my darling Care.  
How shou'd such Worth be rated in these Days !  
How weak Esteem ! how poor all worldly Praise !

But hold, lov'd Muse ! I see *Eliza* frown,  
And you'll incur the Censure of the Town.  
To chuse a Husband is my present Theme—  
Perhaps you laugh, and my fond Lesson blame.  
'Tis daring, I must own, to teach the Fair,  
For what so insolent as Precepts are ?  
Yet, when the Happiness of Life depends  
On ev'ry Nymph, who for those Rites intends,  
Methinks, some Caution shou'd direct their Choice,  
To strengthen Love, and heighten all his joys.

Wedlock's a solemn, and important Deed,  
For Happiness or Mis'ry must succeed.

Great is its End, and sacred the Design,  
And tho' abus'd, still holy and divine!  
To make it blest, is prudently to chuse;  
There aim your Skill, & there pointly your warmest Views.

Your Sex declares 'tis difficult to find  
A Man, that justly suits a female Mind.  
That they are sullen, peevish, proud, and dull;  
You, Sir, have too much Sense; and you, a Fool.  
This a mere Dwarf, and that a Giant, tall;  
Like Shadows these, so very thin and small!  
Jaffier's a Beauty, if he was not brown,  
And Polydore has Wit, but he's a Clown,  
Demetrius is polite, yet too severe;  
And Man's an Angel---if he was sincere!

A but, and if, and or, must close each Thought;  
Are you, yet Fair, compleat without one Fault?  
Why, Sprinia, dost thou frown? why this stern Air?  
Is Truth offensive to a Lady's Ear?  
'Tis not so hard your worthy Men to find  
The Difficulty lies within your Mind.

Wou'd

Wou'd you a Husband chuse? — pursue this Rule;  
Avoid a Fop, and shun with Care a Fool.  
The former likes too well his pretty Self,  
The latter is a senseless wrangling Elf,  
This will your Rage provoke, and that your Scorn,  
With all your Patience neither's to be borne.  
The Man of Sense can never treat you ill;  
He may sometimes oppose your mighty Will.

Our Sex is hard to please, I must confess;  
And yours is often found to be no less.  
When diff'rent Tempers diff'rent Minds oppose,  
What can a Pair expect but lasting Woes?  
Few Men are willing to submit, tho' wrong,  
And Ladies never fail to use the Tongue.

Both will oppose, and both are in the Right;  
A Straw perhaps misplac'd, or slept last Night by  
From the most trifling Trifles, what Debate  
Has curs'd a Couple with eternal Hate?  
The Prudent will submit, the Wise relent,  
But Fools alone are obstinately bent.

Wou'd

Wou'd

Wou'd you be happy in a married Life?  
 First learn the Duties of a virtuous Wife.  
 Be loving, tender, affable, and kind,  
 And form your Temper to your Husband's Mind:  
 Strive to oblige, be fearful to offend,  
 Prize dear his Peace, and chuse no greater Friend.  
 Scorn the gay Rover, and her gayer ways;  
 A Wife's best Glory is her Husband's Praise.  
 When Fondness counts, and Passions warmly move,  
 Let Decency endear each Scene of Love;  
 By too much Freedom you create Disdain,  
 And without Prudence, Modesty is vain,  
 From Quarrels guard, or look to be undone;  
 And Malice fly, and Contradiction's shun.  
 She ne'er can conquer, who for ever rails;  
 Submission wins the Heart when Beauty fails.  
 To chosen Friends your frequent Visits pay,  
 But shun Acquaintances whose Love is Playful and strong.  
 Great are the Ills attending those who game on  
 Whate'er the Prospect shews, the end is Shallock.  
No.

Nor in your Talk to please a vicious Taste

Defame the Beauteous ; nor revile the Chaste.

When Malice prates, and Scandal is the Theme,

Forgive me, Ladies, if I doubt your Fame.

From Guilt oft practis'd rash Suspicions rise ;

And Sland'ers are fly Sinners in Disguise.

But soft ! some Demon checks my ardent Flight,

And says 'tis rude to set a Female right,

What ! preach up Morals to a Lady's Ear ?

Condemn those Follies which so please the Fair ?

Reproach their Actions, and declare it Shame

To slander, visit, ridicule, or grieve ?

Wou'd ever Man so rash, so madly write ?

Forbear, lov'd Muse, forbear ! 'tis all polite ;

Prudella asks me how she must proceed ?

Since few to Happiness can e'er succeed.

I grant this true, but say, what is the Cause ?

You mind not Hymen, nor regard his Laws,

A Fashion, Whim, or Folly you pursue,

Not Happiness, but Pleasure is your View.

Excuse my Freedom, *Sprinia*, you are wise;  
Can scorn such Follies, and such Whims despise.

Let *Julia's* Case be treasur'd in your Mind,  
*Julia* the gay, the beauteous, and the kind ;  
Caught by the wily Frauds of wicked Man,  
Frauds made to entertain, and to trepan !  
Warm for the Raptures of Hymenial Joys,  
She courts the Graces, and her Skill employs  
To captivate poor Hearts ; declares to wed,  
And share the Blessings of the Marriage Bed.  
*Alexis*, cunning Swain ! soon chanc'd to hear  
The rash Intentions of the thoughtless Fair ;  
With artful Guile he woo'd ; she soon comply'd ;  
Affairs were settled, and the Knot was ty'd.

What was the Issue of this hasty Deed ?  
Woes press on Woes, and Ills on Ills succeed.  
Too late, alas ! her Error she deplores,  
Rebukes her Fortune, and for Death implores !  
Ill-fated Maid ! thy Nuptials brought thee Care,  
Thy Conduct Sorrow, and thy Lord Despair.

Balk'd were thy Hopes, and wretched are thy Days,  
 Chill'd with Distress, and tortur'd with Disease !  
 Where is the Colour of thy Features fled ?  
 The matchless Whiteness, and the blushing Red ?  
 Is this the *Julia* honour'd by the Gay ?  
 The Belle of Court, and Ball, and Park, and Play ?  
 All pale and wan thy haggard Cheeks appear,  
 Worn thin by Pain, and wrinkled with Despair !  
 Does *Hymen* then delight to deal in Pain ?  
 Or flows this Mis'ry from the guilty *Swain* ?  
 Curs'd be the Men, and doubly curs'd their Days,  
 Who give a virtuous Maid that vile Disease ?  
 For Crimes so great, the Pains of Hell are small ;  
 Seize them, ye Furies, and confound them all.

O mark, my *Sprinia* ! mark poor *Julia*'s Fate.  
 Nor rashly plunge in that important State !  
 Weigh well the Nature of the Speech, I *willy* no else !  
 It brings you Pleasure, *or it brings you Ill* !

Your Sex is won, as Children are, with Toys ;  
 Amus'd with Trifles, and ideal Joys ;

There are who can discern the Man of Worth,  
Will praise his Merit, and his Fame set forth,  
But he who settles most, he is the Man ;  
Tho' Knaves or Fools — deny this if you can.

Chuse not a Husband as you wou'd a Gown,  
A Fashion practis'd in this giddy Town,  
Fine Cloaths can never fail to please your Sex,  
Tho' Nonsense plague, and crabbed Tempers vex,  
Let the dear Creature be transcendent fine,  
With Extacies you cry — “ He's all divine ! ”  
Forgive my Thought, (a Truth by all confess'd)  
You'd love a Statue was it gayly dress'd ; How air'd it !

What various ways does *Cupid* strike his Dart ?

I've known a very Glance to win a Heart,  
The feather'd Hat, the rich embroider'd Cloaths,  
The Zounds and Demames, (Eloquence of Beaus !)  
The Toupee's powder'd Charms, the graceful Air,  
The Bow profound, the side-long killing Leer,  
The Raptures feign'd, the Nonsense flowing sweet,  
The Prayers, the Vows, the dying at the Feet,

Col 2 All that are enlig. red in All.

All please your Sex ; for Arts like these must strike,  
When Worth is scorn'd, and Sense creates Dislike.

To chuse with Prudence, and to wed with Care,  
Shou'd be the Study of each single Fair.

One Wealth enslaves, another Grandeur warms ;  
This Beauty fires, and That Ambition charms ;  
Few wed for Merit, and as few for Love ;  
At least your Actions do this Censure prove.

The Man's well made, you cry, has Merit too ;  
What can he settle ?—for his Worth won't do.  
If rich, 'tis well ; if poor, O shut the Door,  
And never let a Wretch thus fright me more !

The fair *Amelia* was by *Damon* lov'd,  
A Youth of Merit, and by all approv'd ;  
Uncommon Beauty did his Person grace,  
And Passion pleaded in his blooming Face ;  
Fam'd for his Wit, and noble were his Parts,  
To force all Praises, and to win all Hearts ;  
Smit with *Amelia*'s Charms, he lov'd the Maid,  
And at her Shrine his soft Endearments paid ;

She

She mark'd his Passion with consenting Smiles,

And partly promis'd to reward his Toils.

But when she heard he did no Wealth posses,

She look'd Disdain, and chill'd his fond Address,

He begg'd to know the Cause, but begg'd in vain;

At length she answer'd in this haughty Strain.

Such daring Insolence I'll ne'er forgive;

Did I your Flame approve, or Love receive?

What, if I deign'd your Passion to deplore?

Was that a Reason to aspire for more?

Where is thy Wealth to match me for a Wife,

And make me honour'd thro' all Scenes in Life?

Where is thy Equipage? how wast thou born?

Do Titles grace thee? or do Stars adorn?

Thy bold Presumption is beyond all Thought;

Nor think, rash Man! I will excuse thy Fault.

She ceas'd, and frown'd; the Youth with wild Surprize,

Implor'd her Patience with intreating Cries;

But all in vain; she scornful fled the Room,

While he was left to meditate his Doom.

What

What broke this Match? — the thing which Millions make;  
 Can Money fail with female Hearts to take? —  
 You look for Riches, not for Merit now;  
 And Marriage is a Trade you all allow.  
 Love's Passion lasts not long, Possession cloys,  
 Indiff'rence then succeeds to damp your Joys.  
 The *Rake* will wed, to reap one Fortnight's Bliss,  
 The *Fop* will wed, to do no more — than kiss,  
 The *Knave*'s for Pelf, the *Lord* to get an Heir,  
 The *Bad* for Penance, and the *Blest* for Care.

Man's a mere Medly, ever in Extremes;  
 And more fantastic than the wildest Dreams.  
 Woman's in ev'ry Circumstance the same;  
 The small Distinction is too nice to name.

'Tis easy sure to like, or to refuse;  
 The first grand Point, is prudently to chuse.  
 But few, too few consult a proper Choice!  
 Your Sex seems guided by the public Voice.  
 If busy Fame, with her deceitful Arts  
 Extols some Fav'rite for his Worth and Parts,

'Tho'

Tho' basely false, as she will lye, all know; Yet if the World affirm— it must be so.

*Alphonso* bore the Honour of the Age  
In being handsome, and in being sage; Good-natur'd, constant, affable, and kind,  
With all the Virtues of a noble Mind.  
Great were his Riches, with a Taste polite;  
In short, *Alphonso* was the World's Delight.  
For him each Rival Maid display'd her Art  
To win his Favours, and to steal his Heart:  
Proud of a Look, and prouder of a Smile;  
Yet still reign'd free in spite of Female Guile.  
Happy the Nymph! whose Charms he shou'd approve,  
And crown her Labours with eternal Love.

The gay *Cordelia*, proudest of the Fair,  
Resolves to conquer, tho' it costs her dear.  
To hold the fam'd *Alphonso* in her Chains,  
And triumph o'er some mighty Rival's Pains.  
Were all the Wishes of her haughty Soul;  
Her Pride succeeds, and she attains the whole.

The

The hapless Rivals deep with Envy burn,  
Defame the Author, and their Fortunes mourn.

But, O presumptuous Sex ! too weak to know,  
Condemns the Works of Providence below !  
Tho' grossly blind to future good and ill,  
Shall dare to tax his great eternal Will !  
The things we wish, if granted, may destroy ;  
And Ills we seek to shun, conclude in Joy.  
'Tis Madness to reproach the Works of Fate ;  
Your Task is to submit, and be more great.  
In search of Bliss, what Woes we often find ?  
So weak, so erring is the human Mind !  
Let Heav'n alone dispose your Actions here,  
Adore his Goodness, and his Pow'r revere.  
If he inflicts, with Meekness bear each Ill ;  
For, to complain, is to reproach his Will.  
Learn, Mortals, learn ! rebellious is your Wit ;  
The greatest Wisdom, know, is to submit.  
This Maxim treasure in your erring Mind ;  
No Ills attend, but Blessings urge behind.

Once

Once more, *Alphonso* to my view appears,  
 And strange to tell, *Cordelia* all in Tears!  
 What was the Cause? --- the Swain has chang'd his Mind,  
 And is ungrateful, stubborn, and unkind.  
 His Actions now shine forth without Disguise,  
 And show what all the World proclaim'd, were *Lydia* but  
 Enrag'd, she curses all Reports of Fame  
 That did betray her into basest Shame;  
 The great *Alphonso* was no more divine,  
 For subtlest Cheats will thro' Embroidery shine.  
 How was he honour'd by the Fair and Brave!  
 For who cou'd think *Alphonso* was a Knav'e?  
 Her Thousands all bestow'd upon a Man,  
 Whose only Livelihood was to trepan!  
 In vain she fails; he treats her with Disdain;  
 The Mask is vanish'd, and the Brute stands plain.  
 Her vengeful Rivals now reproach her Pride,  
 And hiss with one accord the wretched Bride,  
 With Taunts severe they treat the Haughty Dame,  
 And in their turn they triumph o'er her Shame.

When thou, O Spririt hast explor'd with Care  
 The Heart of Man, and laid each Passion bare,  
 Deep in Deceit, extravagant in Ill,  
 Prone to Inconstancy, morose in Will,  
 To Tenderness a Foe, to Virtues blind,  
 And most ungrateful, when thou most art kind,  
 Wilt thou the great, the mighty Hazard run,  
 And dare to wed, when thousands are undone?

Where one succeeds, a hundred miss their Aim,  
 And make their Life, a Life of Grief and Shame.  
 Both Sexes rail, yet neither in the wrong,  
 To all the Praise of Innocence belong!  
 Some Men with Ladies bear a shocking Name,  
 Ladies, there are, with Men who bear the same.

Give me, ye Gods! a Maid to suit my Mind,  
 To Wisdom making her Pleasures less inclin'd,  
 Let Truth, and Reason all her Actions guide,  
 With gentlest Manners, and becoming Pride.

Let all her Comverse with good Sense agree,  
 To charm her Hearers, while she pleases me :  
 Tho' cheerful, calm ; tho' modest, not austere ;  
 Gay without Pride, and without Art, sincere.  
 Let her my Thoughts direct, advise, commend ;  
 My loving Mistress, and my faithful Friend.  
 Tho' fond, yet delicate ; tho' chaste, yet warm ;  
 Pleas'd to comply, and in complying, charm.  
 With modest Candour all my Will controul,  
 And ever reign the Mistress of my Soul !  
 Let these Perfections in one Breast combine ;  
 Let her be SPRING, and conclude her mine.

There are, whose Vanity is to defame  
 Each reigning Beauty with dishonour'd Shame ;  
 Boast precious Joys, and then, present a List  
 Of all the various Toasts -- they never kiss'd,

I lose all Patience when I hear these Fools,  
 And cou'd despise your Sex for thoughtless Tools,  
 Who will admire, cates, and treat each Ass,  
 While Men of Sense you let regardless pass.

Proud of their Praise, their Brattling, and their Play,  
 First give your Smiles, and then yourselves away  
 The pretty Liberties which Fools commit,  
 Shall pass for Gallantry, and harmless Wit.  
 O ! cou'd you but see, or did you even know  
 In what vile Light your ev'ry Deed they show,  
 You sure wou'd blush, confounded sink with Shame,  
 And learn to prize a reputable Fame.  
 Most Men, tho' worthy, you shou'd treat with Care;  
 A decent Pride belongs to all the Fair.  
 Be cautious how you act, and learn this Rule;  
 You can't be too reserv'd before a Fool.  
 A modest Woman who regards her Fame,  
 Will fly these Creatures, as she flies from Shame.  
 Read, sacred Maid ! O read these Lines with Care,  
 Still shine in Virtue, as in Beauty, fair !  
 Thro' all your Life in no Man's Honour trust,  
 We all are base, deceitful, and unjust;  
 Proud to involve you in a Depth of Woes,  
 Fond to condemn, and ready to expose !  
 Be

Be Reputation still your greatest Care ;  
For Reputation lost brings sure Despair.

Fatal is Beauty in the Age we live,  
For Man will tempt, and Woman will believe ;  
In spite of all the Wrongs your Sex have known,  
You still will trust us, and be still undone !  
Fond of Admirers, proud to be a Toast,  
Encourage Flatt'lers, and of Coxcombs boast,  
Will see your Ruin, yet not shun the Fall ;  
And ere you lose a Lover, lose your All !

O ! treasure in your Breast these Precepts deep,  
And every Man at proper Distance keep ;  
You'll be respected much, and more esteem'd,  
Be wiser, nobler, and be chaster deem'd,  
Still guard your Innocence from Guilt and Shame ;  
For what's so precious as a spotless Fame ?

The Man whose Mind is always on the range,  
And never happy, but upon a Change,

Who's

Whose giddy Soul with every Whim shall veer,  
More wild than Fancy, more unfix'd than Air,  
To nothing constant, and to nothing true,  
A Self-tormentor, and a Plague to you !  
Who plans this Hour a Scheme for future Joys,  
The very next, some idle Thought destroys ;  
Such Medleys strange ! O learn to shun with Care,  
Inconstancy ne'er made a happy Pair.

If you to Gaiety are much inclin'd,  
Embrace the Man adapted to your Mind :  
Not one, like G----, whose Reading's his Offence ;  
A very Pedant in despight of Sense.  
Who studies all the Day, and sleeps all Night ;  
In such a Wretch what Lady can delight !  
Nor marry him, who is so very wise,  
Each Creature but himself he must despise !  
Your Rakes and Fops, with equal Prudence scorn,  
And shun a Fool, tho' e'er so nobly born.

Permit me, Madam, to propose a Man ;  
You cannot err, if you persue my Plan.

Regard

Regard not Beauty, and a pretty Air,  
 Tho' sure Accomplishments to win the Fair!  
 Let all his Charms be in his Mind display'd ;  
 No Man is despicable if well made.  
 Let him in Nature, and in Deeds be just,  
 True to his Word, and sacred to his Trust,  
 In Manners gentle, in Behaviour plain,  
 No Dupe to Flatt'ry, ~~nor~~ no Slave to Gain.  
 Wife without Pride, and without Rashness, brave ;  
 A Soul to spare, to pity, and to save.  
 With Learning to amuse, with Sense to please,  
 And Wit to charm with Pleasantry and Ease.  
 Let him be sprightly, and of Love be full,  
 For without Love the Wits are but dull :  
 Love tempers Nature, forms th' unpolish'd Mind ;  
 It makes us gentle, and it makes us kind.  
 Religious let him be, or all is vain ;  
 For Fools alone Religion's Charms disdain.  
 Tho' social, wife ; instructive, yet discreet ;  
 Free without Pomp, and without Flatt'ry, sweet.

Whose

Whose Constancy is Proof; and e'er so kind,  
 To wink at Foibles, and to Errors blind;  
 In Counsel calm, not arrogant, nor loud,  
 Nor vain, nor peevish, obstinate, nor proud.  
 Averse in doing wrong, or to deceive;  
 That such is to be found, I dare believe.

And let, O SPRINIA! such be your great Choice,  
 Nor be misled by Grandeur, Show, or Noise:  
 Remember that your Peace is all at stake,  
 For Peace depends upon the Match you make!  
 The Temper you shou'd wed, and not the Man;  
 Tho' modern Ladies disapprove the Plan.  
 Yet, still be constant to this Rule laid down,  
 And social Pleasures shall be all your own.

**T H E E N D.**